THE

LEGEND

OF

Captain *JONES*:

The First and Second Part.

Relating his Adventure
Sea: His first landing, and stran
Combat with a mighty Bear. His furi
Battel with his six and thirty men against the
of eleven Kings, with their overthrow and deaths. His
of *Kemper* Castle. His strange and admirable Sea-fight
six huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand Souldiers.
being taken Prisoner, and hard Usage. His being set at
by the Kings command, and return for *England*. Also
other incredible Advenures and Atchievements by Sea and
continued to his Death.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Haley*, and are to be sold
his Shop at the upper end of *Chancery-lane*,
next *Holborn*. 1671.

UMI

FAmes windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do or wish, to do what here you find:
Twas ne're held error yet in errant Knights
(Which priviledge he claims) to dress their fights
In high hyperbolies: for youths example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus such atchievements are assaid and done
As pass the common power and sence of man,
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

THIS CHART WILL

FIRST CHART APP

AT THE END OF T

UMI

RT WILL BE THE
ART APPEARING
ND OF THIS FILM.

UMI

To the READER.

READER, y'have here the Mirrour of the times,
Old Jones *wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.*
Receive him fairly (pray) nor censure how.
Or what he tells: the matter hee'l avow.
And for the form he speks in, I'le maintain it,
It comes as neer his vain as I could strain it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
Capparison'd, and pannel a great Horse.
My part claims no inventions praise: for (know it)
where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to do it,
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.

Ιώνης Ἐρυθραινόμενος.

Νικήσας πάμπολλα πολυθρύλλητος Ιώνης
Ἔθνεα, κεκμηκὼς εἰς κυλεὸν ὦσε μάχαιραν,
Καὶ δόμον εἰς Αἴδαο ἔβη μετὰ μόρσιμον ἦμαρ
Ὄψιν ἐρυθιόων, ἐκ φοινίσσοντο παρειαὶ
Ἐκπάγλως, ἀκρὰ ῥινὸς δ' ἐρυθράνετο στήλη:
Οἱ δὲ ὑποχθόνιοι πάντες θάμβησαν ἰδόντες
Τὴν ἐν ῥινὶ χρόαν, τὴν ἐν φλογόεντι προσώπω:
Καὶ πόθεν ἢ τι παθὼν ταύτας ὀλοφυγδόνας ἔσχε
Θαύμαζον δνώμη, δὲ οὐκ ἔπλετο πᾶσιν ἡ αὐτὴ:
Οἱ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐνδαπίοιο πότου τὸ χρῶμα γένεσθαι
Εὐστόχεον, πίνειν γὰρ ἐθίζετο ὄρθριος, ἠδὲ
Ἑσπέριος, πίνεσκε πολὺ, πίνεσκε δὲ πυκνά.
Τοὔνεκ' ἀναίθετο ὄψιν ἀφ' ἥπατος αἰθομένοιο.
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ὤοντο μο λούμενον ἐκ πολέμοιο
Ἔσκ τ' ἀνγροκτασίες, καὶ γείτονος ἠελίοιο
Τούς τε παρειάων καὶ λοὺς, καὶ ῥῖνα κεκαῦσθαι.
Τοῦ δὲ πάθους ἀπέφηνε λόγον στ' Ασκλήπιος ἄλλον
Εἰν ἁλὶ τρεῖς λυκάβαντας Ιώνης δεινὰ πέπονθε
Πλαζόμενος, νήσους ὅτ' ἐδίζετο τηλόθ' ἐούσας:
Ἡδέος ἀντ' οἴνου, ἀνθ' ὕδατος, ἀντὶ δὲ κοῦρμι

Οὖρο

Οὖρον ἔπινε μόνον, κ' αὐτὸς καὶ ὁμήλυδες ἄνδρες.
Αὖτε θερμαίνουσα πόσις τὸ πρόσωπον ἔφλεξε:
Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ δικασπόλος ἀντίον ἠύδα,
Τίφθ' ἁφαμαρτοεπὲς φλυαρεῖς Ἀσκλήπιε; οὐδὲν
Οὔτ' οἰνοφλυγίας ὀρέξις σημεῖον, ἢ οὔρου
Πινομένου τριετὲς, φοιβηίου οὐδὲ καὶ ἄστρου,
Αἰεὶ σωφροσύνης Ἥρως ῥὰ μεμηλε καὶ αἰδοῦς,
Θαύματα γὰρ ῥέζων καὶ ὑπηρβαίνοντα πενιχρὰν
Ἀνδρομέων πίστιν ψυκῶν ἐφοβεῖτο κε μήπως
Ψευδόμενος φαίνοιτο, τὴ δ' αἴτιόν ἐστιν ἐρεύθους
Τοῦτο ἀκουόντεσσιν ἀρέσκετο γνώμη ἄνακτος
Ἐλυσίοις πεδίοισι γέλως κ' ἄσβεστος ἐνῶντο.

P. E.

After Captain *Jones* his great Conqueſt in the Indies, theſe Verſes were ingraven on a Pillar of Gold, in the famous City of *Chiapa*.

HAvacun! atſiquinta, rucar, ruchaquit, alolem,
Rutſi nutſiquin Jonos, *quintacque* Britanno;
Inrutisba Dios, chiru narapata tiquita,
Xalocohta naloc quinquimi, naxa tinuloc,
Chaquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, *Cacaracarta*
Inra Ixnulocoſh Europon *quincol amoloh,*
Chinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,
Mecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rutat,
Inurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocoh
Havocohta ruvac, Rixim car nucar avixim;
Ixlocon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Pan Nutſi nuchac, quinrochi nutisba China;
Chipam Rumoloh mac, numac taxa veronquil
Chyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir,
Chilocontho Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,
Quinvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.

By the assistance of Mr. Gage *his rules to learn the Indian Tongue call'd* Poconchi, *thus faithfully and verbatim translated into English.*

HO Passenger! Behold, read, understand,
Great *Jones*, a Britain, conquer'd all this Land;
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of Salvages he slew:
At last the *Spanish Dons* with all their force
Of *Indian* foot, and *European* Horse,
Surpriz'd him near *Chiapa*, where he stood
Five hours in fight cover'd with fire and blood;
And in that furious conflict, all his men,
Who were once thirty six, reduc'd to ten.
With those few blades, and his own mighty Arm,
He did repulse them without spell or charm:
Then to his Ship retreated; and to shew
'Twas Glory, and not Gold, he did pursue,
Of all the spoils he took but one rich Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

This Monument stood Undefac'd 1588. *But Immediately after was demolisht by the Envy of the Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.*

E. LL.

On the REVIVAL of Captain JONES.

WHy ſhak'ſt thou Coward Hand? doſt drop the Pen;
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men?
What means this ſtrange Surprizal that unknits
Thy joynts, poſſeſſing them with Palzy Fits?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
(Without Apollo's *Call) muſt feel the ſame.*
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthuſiaſt the Prieſts among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars; *our joys run ore*
To ſee the truth of a Platonick year
Confirm'd in thee; ſo bright doſt thou appear
Deckt with thy valours Rayes: Poets (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up, thou God-like Man,
What brave Revenge had'ſt th'ad on thy old Foe,
Hadſt thou but breath'd our Air ſome moneths agoe?
Thou, and thy ſix and thirty ſet on ſhore
In Hiſpaniola, *would'ſt have acted more*
Than was (I bluſhing write it) done by ——
And —— *with their ten thouſand men.*

I acquiesce, and leave to higher Forms
Thy stern deportment in all Fights and Storms;
Who draw at large, and well; my single Hint
Is a Portentous Act in a small Print.
Reward those who again have made thee breathe,
With Lawrel ta'ne from thy victorious wreathe;
I have enough t'entitle me to Fame,
If he both a Britain am, and of thy Name.

H. I.

A Supplement to the famous History of the truly valiant and Magnanimous Captain Jones.

LOok to your selves: I see his marble frown,
His threatning ashes challenge their renown,
Expostulating thus. Durst your narration
Omit those noble acts of admiration,
Which I perform'd, when *Æolus* deny'd
Me his assistance 'gainst the strugling tide?
Never was Martial man affronted worse,
Tyrone had brib'd him to retard my course.
Some wish'd me send to *Lapland* for a wind,
Nay, that I scorn'd, I had enough behind;
Turning my Postern, I sent forth a blast
That tore the sails, and crack'd the sturdy Mast,
Hurrying my Friggot with such force, that it
Ran on a shelve, and so was like to split.
'Gramercy policy, this I foresaw,
For such mischances I had help at Maw;
I drank an Ocean up of English Beer,
Which (wanting water) I made use of here;
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore deck, and Spouted,
And fill'd the shoar, so that Saint *Patrick* shouted,
And cry'd, my friends, this is no time for mirth,
Oh hone! a deluge comes to drown the earth!

Obſtructions being removed in this ſort,
At length I landed in an Iriſh port,
And thought it wiſdom, before they came to treat,
To ſtay my ſtomack with a bit of meat.
Seeing a Cook hang up a ſtall-fed Ox,
I bad him roaſt it quickly, with a pox;
'Twas quickly done: as ſoon as off the Spit
My Valiant grinders ſnapt it at a bit,
Sooner than one could turn his hand about,
As when a Pickrel ſwallows up a Trout.
The Cook's amazed: what, quoth I, thou thief,
I do not eat, but barrel up my beef;
I can lay up a whole one and a half,
The Ox that *Milo* carried was a Calf:
Sirrah, make haſte, get me ſome more meat dreſt
To fortifie the Caſtle of my breſt.
I mean to feed, as Dromedaries do,
Both for the preſent, and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs;
I ſpeedily deſtroy'd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death, natures beadle, took me by the hand,
And ſaid, Grand Captain, I thee now disband:
Abſtract of valour, let thy name be bleſt,
Lie down within this tomb, and take thy reſt.

On Valiant *Jones*.

Come see the Man, whom Mountains bred,
Who talked high, as he was fed.
No Court like Milk-sop train'd to'h fiddle,
But yeand i'th' Region call'd the middle.
There Captain Jones his cradle chooses,
More dangerous then that of Moses;
For that was watch'd by Pharaos daughter;
The Deabe, a Nurse, did him look after,
Or he for them: Come Wolfe, or goat
Who took the Nibb, and fill'd his throat;
Thence was ally'd to Brute; neer Cuz.
By th' nurses side to Romulus:
And for his nimbleness and skipping,
Remus (himself) could nere out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat,
Came from the Rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's
All flaggy too, and rank as theirs.
Which was resented, as was Mars,
Or Hercules, for his black A----
These were strange signs, and did betoken
What ere was after by him spoken.

'Twas

'Twas well the wars were done before
Loſt in Llewellin *and* Glendore.
Had Jones *liv'd then, in vain th' Aſſails*
Of Saxons; *Wales had ſtill been Wales.*
Nay had the fates (*but they deny'd,*
For Jones *had neither barn nor Bride*)
Sav'd but his Præpuce in Skincks *fight,*
That ſpoyl'd his skirmiſhes by night.
No doubt an Iſſue, not of's legs,
But of his Loyns, for he lov'd eggs
Extreamly to the very bowels,
*Would have out-*Vavaſord *the* Powels:
Content us therefore with thoſe duels,
Which no man did, or very few els,
Related from his mouth: This Brit,
As Cæſar *did, could he have writ,*
What Comments had he made? what ſtorys
Of Iriſh *Wolves, which now are* Torys?
This Frontiſpiece alas! nay, twenty,
As big as this, had been too ſcanty;
The Elephant and's Pego-man,
And Hob's *on his Leviathan,*
Nay, what ſo ere old Inigo
(*His nameſake*) *could have drawn for ſhow*
Had been too ſmall a Scene: why then
No more, it ſhrivels up my Pen.

On

On the Legend of Captain Jones.

READER, be ſtout and credulous, for he
Muſt have both Courage and credulity
That reads this Poem; and to have enough,
His ſoul ſhould be half Cheveriel and half buff:
For *Jones* ſuch things doth talk, and ſuch things do
As far tranſcend all Faith and Reaſon too.
Thoſe ancient Poets that, in former times,
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying Rhimes,
Muſt go to ſchool to learn of *Jones*, for he
At once both made and writ all Chivalrie.
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both muſt club
To make one ſtory, this muſt fight, that dub.
Which asks Time, Charge, & Danger; whilſt bold *Jones*
Does without either, raiſe, and kill at once,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he liſt,
He could diſpute, as well as fight with fiſt.
With one Cuff-ſyllogiſm confute more men
Then Wit or Reaſon could convince with ten.
'Mongſt all the Giants whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three ſignal Battels fought with Death,
While Fame, that ſtill hates living men, gave out,
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to clear the doubt,
Employ'd the Wits with a lamenting pen
In Epitaphs to kill him o're agen.
At which enrag'd he roſe, and ſwore *they lye*;
Jones is not dead; I ſwear *Jones* ſhall not dye.

A. B.

Upon Captain Jones *Relating his own Exploits.*

LOe here great Captain *Jones*! in whom do dwell
Both *Mars* and *Mercury*, gods ſtout and fell;
Thou, thine own Trump, doſt with a valiant voice
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conqueſts noiſe;
Thus thy *Minerva* lends thee ſpeech and ſhield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'ſt unto thee yield;
Ajax, *Ulyſſes*, both in thee agree,
Thy valour and thy tongue alike are free;
Great *Alexander*'s Envy would have ceaſt,
Nor would *Achilles* fate have ſpoyl'd his reſt,
Had but *Jones* Poetry inſpir'd his Soul,
To whom, the blind man *Homer's* but a fool;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd phancy write,
Jones cou'd do more, both ſtrangely feign and fight;
Cæſar, of all the Worthy's, moſt like Thee,
He did both fight and tell's own Hiſtory,
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation
Seems but an old thred-bare narration;
So between both how vaſt's the Difference,
Jones doth all *Cæſars* baffle, and all Sence.

I. V. Oxon.

On the same.

AWay with Fictions; short of our stout man,
The Poet must now turn Historian;
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories,
His conquests, his trophyes, and yet no lyes!
What Wars were they when all each battel fell
But Jones, *and he surviv'd, his services to tell?*
When he relates the story, an Enemy
Truth fears to be, lest in contending, she
Too late learn due subjection; thus the tyde
Forces the waters that would gently slide:
When our great Jones *had quite subdu'd the land,*
He boldly puts to Sea; but here's a stand,
The Sea of such an adversary proud
To try'm, its waves into a storm doth crowd.
Jones *leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,*
For he had often swam in streams of blood;
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back,
That th' very Ocean did fear a wrack.
Yet he would dye, that th' shades might of him fear,
And learn, by Mortals woe, great Jones *to fear.*

N. H.

Upon the incomparably valiant, Captain *JONES.*

WHen I do read thy Legend, *Jones*, and ſee
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,
I ſtand engag'd 'twixt Wonder and Delight,
That I can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor write.
My Faith thou puzzl'ſt, and Invention too,
'Tis monſtrous ſtrange! but theſe things thou didſt do;
Alcides, *Hector*, are out-done by Thee,
Thy Hiſtory hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poor *Hector*! he by his own Valour's loſt,
But thou ſurviv'ſt, and doſt thy Triumphs boaſt,
Herc'les, we know, hath his *Non ultrà* found,
But to Thee, *Jones*, nor Earth, nor Sea's a bound;
The World, from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South,
To eccho forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth.
The Earth, Great *Jones*, grows fruitful in thy praiſe,
And all her car's to crown thy head with Bayes,
The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out
Brave *Jones*'s name, who's greater far than *Cnute*.
Neptune to Thee his Trident doth reſign,
The Whales cry out, with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy Command, they ſwell the Main,

For

For thy great ſake thronging into a Train;
Then *Spain* does yield to thy fierce heat; thy might
Proſtrates their doughty *Don*, *Diego* hight;
Thy arms ſo toſs'd that vap'ring Admiral,
As if ha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.
Thou didſt Bears, Lyons, and ſuch Monſters quell;
By thy ſtrong hand the ſturdy El'phant fell.
Ere the bright Sun peep'd from his Eaſtern bed,
Eleven Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.
What work wouldſt thou have made in one whole day,
Hadſt thou but found for thy *Killzadog* play?
How ſuch exploits, ſo ſtrange, thou couldſt atchieve,
None ever yet coud tell Brave *Jones*, and live.
Poor Mortals we! the Fates have thought it fit
We ſhould in wonder ſpend our dayes and wit.

P. D. Ox

HAve you not heard of Jones, that man of wonder,
That brought Don Dego & Mac-kil-Cow under?
And when he had um there, agreed, being wise,
To run away before that they should rise?
For 'tis a Maxime; If youl'd be secure,
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure:
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;
For such tuff Fellows as withstood his blows
He scorn'd and spar'd; thinking it base to beat
A stubborn Enemy that won't retreat.
'Mongst all those blustering sirs that I have read
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Atchievers Name,
So much as Jones's in the Book of Fame:
They much of Greeces Alexander brag,
Hee'd put ten Alexanders in a Bag:
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Louts,
Jones with a Ragged Troop beats all to Clouts.
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,
For he could never be accus'd of Fact:
And yet no story a Romancer sings,
That ere exploited more stupendious things;
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill:
That's but a flying tale, believ't who will:
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one
Would skin a Flint, and eat it when h'had done.
Had Jones but been alive, and seen the pudder

Betwixt

Betwixt Briganza's *Legate and* Anstrudder;
When the fierce Portugal in high Bravado,
(Storming th' Exchange with Pistols and Granado)
Put the poor Pego-mongers to a Rout,
And their beloved Bables flung about:
Hee'd not have fawn'd upon um like a Spaniel,
Jones *would have kickt the Dog into the Kennel;*
And spight of Darkness made his head ring Noon,
For daring to pluck Honour from the Moon:
H'had dyed no other Death, for furious Jones,
Once flesh'd, would kill ten such, and make no bones:
He once had an encounter with a Lyon.
(Though most believe he never durst come nigh one)
But as the Author says, and I believe,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give
Each other, till the Beast in woful dumps
Worn out, (for Jones *had fought him to his stumps)*
In honour of his Fall and Jones's *Glory,*
Di'd with meer Age, and there's an end oth' story.
Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errand, ne're a bad:
He foil'd great Asdriasdust *in the twink-*
Ling of an eye, as easie as to drink:
And yet as tough, and dry a sir, as ere was yokt
*Unto a sword (*Jones *often wisht him chokt)*
But yet, of all the Gyants that came nigh him,
There's Nerapenny *stuck the longest by him;*
For though his slender wounds made many doubt him,
That thread-bare Tear-coats he had still about him;
And if they say he had not, he's belyed,

For

For he had ne'r a peny when he dy'd.

Jones *had a valiant ſtomack, and would eat*
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Elſe patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many faſting dayes, and made no bones.
But I'de not have you think it was for want;
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,
The Fowl flew to his Table, and the Fiſh
Left the cold ſtream, and ſwam into his diſh.
'Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like, they ſay)
Jones *was a Cods-head too as well as they.*
But Jones, *like a Diſeaſe, both Sexes ſmites;*
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights:
He was ſo trim a youth, the Queen of No-land
Thought him ſome Princely Shaver come from Poland;
And ſo he prov'd indeed, for by Guds duds
He moſt unkindly left her in the Suds;
Jones *like a wiſeacres begg'd to be ſpar'd,*
For he had No-land, *nor for* No-land *car'd:*
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace?
Venus *lov'd* Mars *his Truncheon, not his face.*
To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth tell,
Although a ſow-gelders would do't as well.

W. T.

THE LEGEND OF Captain JONES.

I Sing thy Armes (*Bellona*) and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great *Tamberlans*:
Thy Trump (dire goddess) send, *The Invocation.*
that I may thunder
Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.
When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be
The life and death of men, they could not see
A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror
Of Martial spirits, this thunder-crack of terror,
Then some vast mountains womb, whose *His birth-place.*
rigid rocks
Might form him, and foreshew the hardy knocks

Which he ſhould give and take: Nor were they nice
To think it baſe, that mountains bring forth mice,
Since from a Britiſh mount and *Mars* his ſtones,
They ſent this Man of men, ſtern *Captain Jones.*
Wild Mares milk nurſt him on the mountains gorſe,
Which gave him ſtrength and ſtomach like a horſe;
Goats fleſh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
Which taught him to mount Rampiers like thoſe rocks.
Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
With *Reymond*, a ſtout brother of the ſword,
He firſt attempted Sea, and went aboard,
Two hundred ſtrong, for the Eaſt Indies bound,
Fame was the only prize he ſought or found.
Twice twenty days auſpicious waves and winds
Lull'd them: then *Æolus* and *Neptune* joyne
To work *Great Jones* his fall. Envy and ire,
To ſee him more then Man, made them conſpire;
Rough *Boreas* whiſtled to the dancing ſhip,
The boiſterous billows ſtrove to over-skip
The bounding veſſel. In this great diſaſter
Reymond, the ſouldiers, Mariners and Maſter
Loſt heart & heed to rule, then up ſtarts *Jones*,
Calls for ſix Giſpins, drinks them off at once.
Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
He aſcends, and drew, and piſt againſt the weather,
And are we born (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
Shall we deſcend? Thy immortality
Neptune thou muſt reſign, if I come thither:
One Sea may not contain us both together.

His ſtout behaviour in a ſtorm at ſea.

No

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motion
Who thought he could contain and piſs an Ocean.
His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he ſhakes,
And frowns: the Sea, and Ship, and canvaſs quakes:
Then from the hatches he deſcends, and ſtept
Into his Cabbin, drank again, and ſlept.
When theſe rough gods beheld him thus ſecure,
And arm'd againſt them like a man pot-ſure,
They ſtint vain ſtorms; and ſo *Monſtrifera* *The name of his ſhip.*
(So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida,
Upon a deſart Iſland call'd *Crotona*;
Where ſavage beaſts and ſerpents live alone:
Here *Jones* would needs to land, though *Reymond* ſwore
Danger was in't: he laught, and leapt aſhore, *His landing.*
Danger (quoth he) to thē whō dangers fright,
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some ſix and thirty more put forth to ground,
Theſe for freſh food, he for adventure bound;
They limit their return when three hours ends,
Which *Reymond*, with the ſhip at Sea, attends.
Theſe Sea-ſick ſouldiers, range hills, woods, and vallies,
Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies;
Jones goes alone, where fate prepar'd to meet him
With ſuch a prey as did unfriendly greet him;
A Bear as black as darkneſs, and as fell *His encounter with a Beare.*
As Tyger, vaſt as the black dog of hell,
Runs at him open jaw'd, ſo fierce, ſo faſt,
That he no leiſure had to draw for haſte
Kilzadog his good ſword, with fiſt he aim'd, *The name of his ſword.*
All arm'd, a blow, wch ſure the bear had brain'd,

But that between her yawning teeth it dings,
The gauntlet there ſtuck faſt, his hands he wrings
Unarm'd. unharm'd from thence; her foremoſt pawes
The Bear on *Jones* his ſhoulder claps, and gnawes
The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Jones* claſpt her
With both his arms, and ſtröve by force to caſt her.
And here they try a pluck, and graſp, and tug,
And ſoame; but *Jones* who knew the Corniſh hug,
Heaves her a foot from footing, ſwings her round,
And with a ſhort turn hurles her on the ground;
Then came his good ſword forth to act his part,
Which pierc't skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her heart.
The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,
And with it back unto the ſhore he ſtruts,
Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
His and the reſts return: but he (falſe friend)
When they were once on ſhore and out of ſight,
Hoiſt ſailes to ſea; and took himſelf to flight.
Here *Jones* found fraud in man, and deeply ſwears
Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the reſt he chears;
All ſafe return'd, but all in deſperation — *He joynes himself to the 36 ſouldiers.*
To ſee themſelves left there to deſolation:
Nor grain nor ground, but wild; nor man, (nor beaſt,
But ſavage; yet (O ſtrange) here *Jones* doth feaſt
His ſix and thirty daily, 'twas with fiſhes — *His taking of fiſh with his halberts point.*
Toſt from his halbert's point into their diſhes;
Wherewith he took them ſtanding on the ſhore
Out of the Ocean: whether 'twas the ſtore
Frequenting this unpeopled coaſt, or whether

To ſee this wondrous man they ſhould together
And ſo aſtonied, yield themſelves a prey
To him from whom they durſt not ſwim away,
Be't ſo, or ſo, I'le not decide, but I
Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knows no lye.
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed,
Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,
Who to America tranſports with *Jones*
His ſix and thirty fiſh-fed Mermydons,
To Inſip were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.
Their firſt encounter there with famine was,
A dry and deſart ſoile, nor grain nor graſs,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for houſe (and bed.
Such living as that Country could afford
Bold *Iones* was forc't to win by dint of ſword.
Eleven fierce Kings poſſeſs the fertile tract
Of this great Coaſt, who all their powers (compact
To vanquiſh *Iones*: a brave attempt 'tis true,
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thouſand choice and doughty men they choſe,
To bid him battle, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes fadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of ſome ſtrange fiſh, which pierc't through ſteel and (ſtone;
And thus they come prepar'd: When they drew neer (him,

Captain Jones encounters with the great Giant Adriaſduſt.

He brought his ſoldiers forth, and thus did chear them
My five and twenty friends (for only thoſe
Had fate & famine left) theſe darts and bows
Are fit to deal with fearful Crows and Daws,
But us whoſe hearts of oak and empty maws,
Hungers ſharp dart hath pierc't, & yet we ſtad
To fright & foil our foes with ſword in hand).
Theſe weapons cānot conquer, nor the number
Were they two thouſand ſuch as *John a Cumber*.
Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as faſt,
Eat theſe men-eaters (ſouldiers) kill and taſt.
Would you gain glory? Kill by ſix and ſeaven,
If Crowns of Kings, then here behold eleven.
And this he ſpake and drew. With ſtomack fierce
They give the firſt aſſault; Now for a verſe
To ſpeak *great Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes
Amongſt the thickeſt ranks, cuts, kills, & throws,
Some by the legs, ſome by the waſte he makes
Shorter; another by the lock he takes,
Reaps off his head, wherewith he brains another,
Then at one ſtroke kills father, ſon, and brother;
Few ſcap'd with life, but ſtrangely; happy thoſe
Which ſcap'd with loſs of half a face or noſe.
Nor may I paſs his men, who cut and ſlaſh,
Like thoſe that fought for life, not Crowns or Caſh.
Want made them ſeem (which ſure their foes diſmaid)
The very ſons of death, whoſe parts they plaid;
The Inſips now no aime can take aright,
They think each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite;
And ſo they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

His oration to his 25 ſouldiers before their fight with the 2000 ſent againſt him by the 11 American Kings.

His courage in fight.

Five,

Five, with eight hundred ſoldiers left the field; *5 Kings & 1200 ſoldiers ſlain.*
Twelve hundred fell: for thoſe that went off ſafe
Their heels & not their hearts the praiſe he gave.
Unto their fulleſt towns, whē he had kild them,
He brought his ragged regiment, and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they find
A Weare with fiſh of wondrous growth and kind,
Where with a thouſand herrings they were fed, *Strange Herrings*
All two foot long beſides the tail and head.
Here ſome may ask what came of all the wealth,
(For *Jones* brought nothing home beſides himſelf)
This conqueſt gain'd; ſure many precious things *What became of the rich prizes.*
Muſt needs attend the death of ſix ſuch Kings.
I anſwer briefly; His heroick deſire
Aſcends above earth excrements as fire:
Nor can deſcend to Crowns. The ſouldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drown'd;
Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidſt this river
He ſpies a ſail directly bearing thither;
He calls, and finds them Engliſh, homeward bound,
Who for freſh water thruſt into the ſound.
With theſe his men and he for England comes, *He & his men come for England.*
Had England known it, all her guns & drums
Had been too little to expreſs her joy,
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy*;
Yet ere he can attain his native coaſt,
Æneas-like he muſt be tyr'd and toſt
With ſtorms, till meat and water wax'd ſo ſcant.
That *Jones* drank nought but piſs one week for want.

At laſt when they had caſt out all their goods,
(To ſave themſelves) into the furious floods,
The ſhip all bruis'd with ſands, and ſtorms, and ſtones
At *Ipſwich* doth diſourthen the ſea of *Jones*.
England ſalutes him with the general joys
Of Court and Country, Knights, Squires, fools, & boys
In every town rejoyce at his arrivall,
The townſmen where he comes their wives do ſwive all.
And bid them think on *Jones* amidſt this glee,
In hope to get ſuch roaring boys as he:
Others this joy, into a fury rapt
To ſing his praiſe, though elegant and apt;
Yet mixt with fictions, which he ſcorns. 'tis known
Jones fancies no additions but his own;
Nor need we ſtir our brains for glorious ſtuffe
To paint his praiſe, himſelf hath done enough,
And hath preſcrib'd that I ſhould write no more
Then his good memory hath kept in ſtore
Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
Doe more, but hides it like a modeſt man.
His Britiſh expedition makes me hie.
From his vagary to his Chivalry.
This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,
Great Keper Caſtle guards on Morligs mouth; *His raiſing of the ſiege of Kemper Caſtle.*
Which key of Britain (like great Britaines (Dover)
Was well nigh loſt by ſiege till *Jones* went over,
To dye or raſe it: 'Twas begirt by land
With fifteen thouſand. Four tall ſhips withſtand
All ſuccours from the ſea: Againſt this force

He

He goes as boldly as an eyeleſs horſe,
With one ſmall Bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And ſave a hundred men was with him not one:
But theſe were Welſh blades, born for hacks & hewing,
And car'd not what they did ſo they were doing.
Thus like ſome tempeſt theſe four ſhips he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whilſt his powder lightens,
And from his broad ſide poures a ſhowre of hail;
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, maſt, & ſail.
Their ſhot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnace, which bears up ſo nigh
And playes ſo hot, that her opponents think
Some Devill is grand Captain of the Pink.
One Engliſh Pirat with them, whilſt he watches
His time to ſhoot, ſpies *Iones* upon the hatches,
And cryes out, Ho, hoiſe Canvas all at once.
And fly, or yield; Zounds it is *Captain Iones.*
The man ſwore reaſon, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard;
They fly, he follows, but a partial wind
And wings of fear ſav'd them, left him behind.
To Kemper he returns him, and ſupplies it
With fifty men, and victuals to ſuffice it
Six moneths: the foes by land loſe hope and heart
To oppoſe this new ſupply, and ſo depart:
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Iones reſcued Kemper, and the Dukedome ſaved.
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Iones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,

Wooes

Wooes him to be Vicegeneral of his fleet;
Which *Jones* vouchsaft, because he was to meet
Men like himself, the doughty Dons of Spain,
Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gain.
And better fate in this design he wisht not,
The to cope single wth their great *Don Quixot.*
Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more;
Here *Jones* his mistress, Fortune, plaid the whore.
Yet, whilst thou loath'st her lightness to rehearse,
Let indignation make thee chide in verse;
Ah deity! and blindly to go on so
From thy deare minion *Jones* to *John D'Alonso*,
Whose out and inside is no better mettle
Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
And tak'st thou him for *Jones*? that glorious boy,
Whom Venus self would kiss (were Mars away)
Well, fickle goddess, if thou be divine,
I'le swear, heaven hath, like earth, light feminine.
Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Western maine,
And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine:
Jones led the front (as 'twas his custom still)
The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill:
His ship went swiftest too, as did his mind
On honours wings: But (oh) an envious wind
Fild all his sail, and wrapt him in a mist
From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
And thus he lost his train, and cast about,
And beat these Seas five days to find them out;
Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don Iohn D. Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

He is made Vice-Ge[illegible] under G[illegible] Cùberland & fought against the Spanish Fleet.

This

his general bid amain, and *Iones* defi'd
rom Canons mouth. The Don again repli'd
With four for one. Ah *Iones*, had I my wish,
Some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
To escape this dire assault; thou shouldst not then
Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.
Nine thousand souldiers was the force that fought
This day with *Iones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
The stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado
That were in Spains invisible Armado:
Iones first commands his men to take their victuall,
He souldier-like drank much, and pray'd a little;
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
And sought to board him; but they quickly found
The ship too hot to grapple with so soon,
And so bore off again, and paid her room.
Then each by turn present her the broad side,
Which she repaid with interest, and so ply'd,
That where her bullets pierce, whole streams of blood
Spout through the gallyes ribs, and dye the flood;
The foes disdain thus long to stand in fight
Gainst one, and so press on with all their might:
And now the storm grew hot, and deep in blood,
Mad rage had got the place where reason stood:
Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers ears,
From hearing cryes and groanes; and fury reares
This fatall combate to so strange a height,
That higher powers expres th'effects of fright.

Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and piſt,
The winds fell down, and Titan lurkt in miſt.
Then belch huge bullets forth, ſmoak, fire, & thunder
Their fury ſtrikes the gods with fear and wonder,
One gally which two hundred ſlaves did row,
Affront the ſhip, in hope to buldge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when ſhe once came nigh,
Out burſts his murdering ſhot; here doom'd to dye
Down dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
Don Diego de Cordona, and Gonzago.
Stones, chains, and bullets tare their paſſage out
Through men and galley; which ſoon tackt about
In hope to get aloofe; but *Jones* ſent after
Two lucky ſhots, which light twixt wind and water.
" In crept the quaking billow, where he ſpide
" Thoſe holes, in hope its fearful head to hide;
" The galley like afeard, or whoſe hurt, doth creep
" Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
" And ſo ſhe ſank. Thus Diego whilſt he try'd
His force with *Jones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
Now *Jones* all breathleſs ſat to take his breath
Upon a But of ſack, and drank the death
Of *Don John* de *Alonſo*, which his men
Pledge in a rowſe, and ſo they fight agen.
Nineſcore there were, but threeſcore now remain
To do or ſuffer, for the reſt were ſlain.
The Spaniſh force diſtract twixt hope and fear,
Yet by their fellows fall forewarnd, forbear
This hot aſſault, keep diſtance, and at *Jones*
Let fly their ſhot at random all at once,

Some

Some half a Cable ſhort, and ſome flew ore
The top ſaile, ſome the ſtern and rudder tore:
One, all the reſt in fatall fury paſt,
And all to ſhivers rove the maſter maſt,
Down fell the tackle, and the veſſel lay
An Engliſh priſon and a Spaniſh prey.
Starboard and Larboard ſide, from poope to prow
They all let drive, and rak'd her through and through.
All now but *Jones* and one man more were kill'd,
Who cry'd, *Now fight and die, or live and yield.*
Jones kill'd the firſt, the latter he beſought him
Upon his knees, whilſt by the knees he caught him
Begging for life, a bullet took away
His head, which when 'twas off ſtill ſeem'd to pray;
Out flew the head and bullet both at once
Between the manly thighes of Captain *Jones*:
Who lookt behind him, art thou gone (quoth he)
Still may they die ſo, that cry yield to me.
Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
Death was his wiſh, captivity he fear'd;
Which to prevent Kil-za-dog forth he drew, *This ſword he won from the great and fearful Gyant Nereapeny.*
And thus he ſpake, Brave Cato, Cato ſlew.
And when victorious Brutus could not ſtand,
He fell, but by his own victorious hand.
Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy ſpirit,
Thy fortune and ſelf-death I will inherit.
Thus ſaid, his ſword unto his ſide he plyes,
Which his good Genius ſtays & thus replyes; *His genius debarres him from ſelf-murder.*
Hold *Jones*, reſerved for thy Countrys good,
Born to ſhed hoſtil, not thy home-bred blood,

And

And know that ſelf-death is the Cowards curſe:
For, he that dyes ſo, dyes for fear of worſe;
The time will come when Iriſh bogs ſhall quake
Under thy feet, whilſt great Oneale doth ſhake.
I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
Thy ſword muſt right what is involv'd in fate;
This know, in thy old age thou ſhalt impart
Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
Teach them to manage arms, and how they muſt
Make bright their ſwords, which peace hath wrapt in ruſt
Now *Jones* vouchſaf'd to live, not for himſelf
But for his Countries good, and common wealth;
His ſcarlet cap he dons, with crimſon plume,
And he aſcends the hatches all in fume.
The Musketiers ambitiouſly deſire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire:
Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his noſe,
His velvet Jerkin, and his ſattin noſe;
(The ſcars may yet be ſeen) yet draws he breath
Fearleſs, and harmleſs, in the jaws of death.
The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By ſeeking death t'avoid impriſonment,
And ſo forbore to ſhoot, drew near and ſought
To take the prey, which they ſo dear had bought.
Then *Jones* all raging throws into the main
That ſword which men and wolves and bears had ſlain,
That ſword which erſt had drunk the blood of Kings,
Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
The Ocean thirld for fear, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune ſnatcht it for his mace.

Then from the ſhip he leaps amongſt his foes,
And ſo undaunted to *Don John* he goes,
Who bid him Live, *Don*-like, but gave him breath,
Onely to breathe in greater pains then death.
This ſhock had ſent to Styx ſix thouſand men,
Whoſe ſouls *Don John* to ſatisfie again
Inflicts more ſervile puniſhments on *Jones*,
Then countervail ſix thouſand deaths at once.
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks
Ape-like, bare-foot with neither ſhooes nor ſocks.
Hair ſhirt, blew bonnet, made a ſervile knave,
A lowſie, duſty, naſty galley-ſlave.
At laſt he brings *Jones* to the Spaniſh King,
And ſayes: Great Monarch, ſee this precious thing;
Six thouſand of your braveſt men he coſt,
Who to gain him alive, their lives have loſt;
Nor think the bargain dear, for here's a man
Can doe & ſay more then your Viceroy can.
This praiſe was given him by the crafty *Don*,
For fear his loſs ſeem'd more then what he won;
And ſo it did indeed, for *Philip* thought
Jones inſide by his outſide dearly bought.
To try he asks him, whither bound, and whence
He was, and *Jones* replies with little ſence;
Whether through fear or faining, he affords
To all the King demands, not three wiſe words.
To try him further, in a Jaile they caſt him,
Which ſerv'd for nothing but to ſtink & faſt
And here it was his deſtiny to light (in
Upon a learned Prieſt, a Jeſuite:

How he was uſed being taken captive

He is preſented to the Spaniſh King.

He is caſt in priſon.

With

With him falls *Iones* to work. The ſacred word
His weapon was, for he had drown'd his ſword.
Their queſtion was of purgatory, where,
And whether 'tis at all, if ſo, 'tis here
(Quoth *Iones.*) For he half tir'd with pains
(would needs
Go ſtraight to heaven: And thus the queſtion breeds
Iones was no Schoolman, yet he bore a brain
Which nere forgot what ere it could contain.
Yet this old Prieſt ſo wreſts the letters ſence,
Equivocates, denies plain conſequence,
Starts to and fro, and raiſeth ſuch confuſions,
That *Iones* chief ward was to deny concluſions:
But, do this ſubtill Schoolman what he can,
Such was the vigour of this martiall man,
Though he was no good diſputant or Text-man
Nor knew to ſpell *Amen*, to ſerve a Sexton;
Yet truth, with confidence, and his ſtrong fiſt
Doth firſt convince, and then convert the Prieſt.
Some talk of *Garnets* ſtraw, and *Lipſius* laſſes;
Whoſe miracles made many Artiſts aſſes;
But here's a miracle tranſcends them all,
An Artiſt made wife by a Naturall.
Now Englands Court rings all of *Iones* his
(letters,
And men of rank were ſoon ſent ore with let-
(ters,
To ranſome him for gold, or man for man,
On any terms. The King with many a Don
Conſults upon this point: One thought it fit

He diſputed there with a Jeſuit about Purgatory.

Order taken in England for his ranſome.

To deal upon exchange; ſome better wit
Thought it more fit to keep this ſecond Drake,
For ſo he term'd him wi ſely, and thus ſpake;
Armies are Englands arm, Captains the hand
Of this ſtrong arm that rules by ſea & land:
And of this arm and hand I think in ſum,
This captive Captain is the very thumb,
This ſpeech was ſhort and ſound, but could not go ſo
Without th'oppoſing of old Don Mendozo;
VVho lov'd and favour'd *Iones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it ſeems had wrought ſome ſympathy)
Pardon (quoth he) (dread Sovereign) are we come
To talk of arms and hands and Captain Thumb?
From Eaſt to VVeſt our Arms and armies reign,
And fear we now for one to re-obtain
So many Viceroys in the Iſle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almoſt life depriv'd;
VVere Drake's and Candiſh ſpirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queen did prize one Captain more
Than Spains great Monarch did his twenty four.

The point of his ranſome debated in Sp.

His ſpeech prevail'd, and ſo they all attone,
And twenty four were askt and given for one;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what twas to yield.
And thus was *Iones* diſmiſt; yet ere he go
The King, to grace him, made him kiſs his toe.
Long maiſt thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'ſt old, wax young:

Then wilt thou live in ſpight of time, and be
Times ſubject, and time thine t'imblazon thee.
Pardon my forward Muſe, ſtriving to ſoare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;
For, who can ſpeak thee all (thou mighty man?)
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.
Thy Iriſh warrs, thy taking great *Tyrone*,
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee alone,
Thy ſeveral ſingle duels with fierce men
And beares, all ſlain; and that dry journey when
Thou drank'ſt but what thou piſt for thrice ſeven days,
Which made thee dry ere ſince, then th' amorous ways
The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.
Thy London widdow next in love half drown'd,
Which thou refus'dſt with forty thouſand pound:
Thy daunting Eſſex in his raſh bravado,
Raleigh's hard ſcaping of thy baſtinado:
Laſtly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, hadſt thou had the learning to ſuffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able
To ſit in Councell at her Highneſs Stable.
Theſe tropheas of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile brain for time in ſtore,
I leave unſung, and wiſh they may be writ
In golden lines by ſome more happy wit,
Whoſe Genius, till ſome fury doth inſpire,
Let me ſit down in ſilence, and admire.

A touch of ſome other deeds of chivalry by him performed.

THE END

A copious commendation of a *Red Nose.*

Let him that undertook to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a days
Commodious:
I say, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,
Nor odious.
Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, and
Rubies about his nose, none can
Deny it.
And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny
To buy it.
Some have their clothes sold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather than good sherry Sack
And Claret;
And they swear (& swear truth) that those
Which drink small beer, & wear good clothes,
Do offer wrong unto their nose,
And marre it.
If in Romes Senate long-nos'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then
Why these should not be praised, when
All men know

A fiery face here is without
A rich nose: and how far a snowt
Thats rich exceeds a long to doubt
Or call men to
Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expostulate
And judge it:
And if judge truly he'l confess,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wise; I guess.
No man that hath true worthiness
will grudg it.
Besides, the world knows this that we
Affirm those gracious that we see
But blush and call it modesty
In people.
A rich face always blushes, so
It doth all faces else out go
As far as St. Faiths is below
Pauls steeple.
He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment shews himself a boy,
And heedless.
Nor will I spend more words to show
What commendation men do ow
To Captain Iones his face you know
Tis needless.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF Captain *JONES*:

CONTINUED

From his first part to his end:

WHEREIN IS DELIVERED

His incredible adventures and atchievements by sea and land.

Particularly,

His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea by the support of a Dolphin.

His several desperate duels.

His combate with *Bahader Cham*, a Gyant of the race of *Og*.

His loves.

His deep imployments, and happy success in busines of State.

All which, and more, is but the tithe of his own relation, which he continued untill he grew speechless, and died.

LONDON,

Printed by *E. O.* for *Francis Haley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the upper end of *Chancery lane*, next *Holborn*, 1670.

UMI

To the READER.

READER, read on: here you may happ'ly meet
News, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in (your street.
Jones is reviv'd; here start: the danger's past;
what he hath done long since, now makes him last
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath: then (pray) believe
what here you'l find: thus by your faith he'l live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile
To be surmounted: down-right were his blows;
Down-right his speech; down-right to's grave he (goes
Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

THE LEGEND OF Captaine *JONES.*

Continued from his first Part to his end.

WIll nothing please the taste of these rough (times
But Rue and VVormwood stuft in Prose or Rimes?
No verse to make our Poets Laureate
But smart Iambicks lashing King or *State*?
Must all turn Mercuries, these times to fit
By poysoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?
That name that's got by some notorious ill,
And merits gives, is hateful to our quill.
But if the last brave acts of Captain *Jones*
VVhich can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.

Ye

Yet know we ſtill are ty'd to our low ſtrein,
VVe muſt not once tranſcend his down-right vein.
And if you meet ought ſavouring of a lye,
(Reader believe't) 'tis *Jones* that ſpeaks, not I.
VVe left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought,
Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat, 24 *Spaniſh commanders given in exchange for him.*
Compar'd to him, though each had had cõmãd
Over great Armies, preſt for ſea and land.
Here ſee him ſhipt for his dear native coaſt;
VVhere ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the (roaſt
VVith new found foes, who attempt his force to ſhake;
But ſleeping Lions 'tis not wiſe to wake.
Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves inlarge,
Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
And weighty convoy of this mighty man
To whence he came; but ere the ſhip had ran
Ten glaſſes out, comes Boreas with a cloud
As black as ink; the ſteeres-man cries aloud
Down with the top-ſaile, keep the ſprit-ſaile tight,
Haile the main bowling. Whilſt this mask of light
Uſher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep
High as her ſelf in ridges, and as ſteep
As *Cair*'s tall Pyramids; the labouring ſhip
Like a chaf'd Bear with Maſtives, ſtrives to keep
Her beak aloft; ſome billows ſhe breaks throw,
Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this ſtir unmov'd: from *Neptune* ſtill
He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
Thus whilſt the careſull ſea-men work and pray,
He careleſs to his cabbin calls his boy, And

And makes him read to him the ancient ſtories
Of our old Engliſh VVorthies, and their glories;
How our S. *George* did the fell Dragon gore,
The like atchievement of Sir *Eglemore*:
Topas hard queſt after th'elf-queen to *Barwick*: Sir Topas rime in Chaucer.
S. *Bevis* cow, & *Guy*'s fierce boar of *Warwick*:
Theſe ſtories read, exalt his haughty mind
Above the ſervile fear of ſea or wind.
The ſhips hard ſtate grew now from ill to worſe:
Between two hideous ſeas acroſs her courſe,
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main maſt break.
Shook with this ſhock, ſhe ſprings a dangerous leak:
VVhich her ſlye foe ſoon finds, and to begin
Like a dire dropſie, drenches all within.
Thus whilſt a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own deſtructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.
Here might be ſeen the ſad effects of feare
VVhich ſeveral wayes in ſeveral men appear:
Some cry'd, ſome pray'd, whilſt others ſwear or rave,
To leave the land to make the ſea their grave.
Joner ſwoln with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the ſea, aſcends, and *Neptune* cites
To ſingle combate: when a boiſterous wave
VVhich *Neptune* ſent to make him *Neptunes* ſlave,
VVhurles him a cables length to ſea, the ſhip
Sinks with the reſt, who give this world the ſlip.
VVell now, Sir *Jones*, 'tis time to ſhew your skill;
You muſt ſwim ſtoutly for't, or drink your fill.

No

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n ſpirit.
As a grim ſea-calf ſtill preſaging ſtorms
VVallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms:
Juſt ſuch is *Iones*: as if he had been bred
VVith her finn'd frie within her watry bed.
No ſhip for help, no land for hope appears;
Horror of billowes roaring in his ears.
Nothing ſupports but confidence alone, as
If ſome preſt VVhale muſt take up *Iones* like *Ionas*.
At laſt (alaſs!) he finds he is no fiſh,
His ſpirit 'gins to leave his treacherous fleſh.
Continual labouring makes his limbs wax ſtark
And ſtiff with cold, his optick ſenſe grows dark,
Neptune inſults, and brandiſhing his mace
Makes his rude billows daſh him ore the face.
Now ſee the fate of noble reſolution,
VVhen *Iones* thought nothing but of diſſolution,
Man's conſtant friend a gentle Dolphin glides
Between his thighes, on whom he mounts and (rides
In poſt with mighty ſpeed, through wind and (weather;
So his kind fiſh holds out he cares not whither;
Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets
From ridge to ridge; twas ſtrange, how faſt he ſits
In this rough road; but *Iones* learn'd from his cradle
To ride without a ſtirrop or a ſaddle,
VVhen on the mountain tops wilde mares he ſpide,
He ſuckt them dry, and then ſtraight up and ride.

Alway portending ſtorms when they are ſeen to play.

The Dolphin is always obſerv'd to be a lover of man.

At

At last at this high speed he gets the sight
Of land, so neer, hee's ready to alight,
VVhen his kind fish much griev'd to leave the burthen
She lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn
VVith mighty speed, still *Jones* doth her bestride
Believing now he should to th'Indias ride.
Fain would he turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridles want till now:
At last the faithful fish preferring higher
Her Riders safety then her own desire,
She turns her course about with happy haste,
And so our errant Knight on land she cast.
Some Spanish writers flatly do deny
He suffer'd wrack, and plainly term't a lye:
They say the ship that led this dangerous dance
Was built by *Lewis* King *Henry's* son of *France*,
And took that name from him, who bears (that name
As eldest son, who still is sty'ld the same:
They write *Jones* got this ground t'augment his glory
And cheat the world with this stupendious (story;

The eldest son of the King of France always stiled the Dolphin.

But let the Reader judge if this be true,
And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.
Well, now to *Jones* again, we may conceive
He was not ill apaid to take his leave
Of this rough element: nor did account it
Much worse to go on foot, then ride so mounted.
'Tis true, he road this lofty fish in state,

But 'twas too neer the boiſterous fit of Fate,
He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheel, though fickle;
Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;
Or that his manly limbs ſhould be a feaſt
For ſharks, or crabs, or congers to digeſt.
His next work is to find ſome habitation,
Though he came ſafely there, 'twas in mean faſhion;
The ſelf-ſame cloathes which when *Alonſo* brav'd him,
He made him wear, and to the gally ſlav'd him.
And though this laſt foul ſtorm had little harm'd him,
It ſeem'd to ſome ſtrage thing to have transform'd him;
Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred locks, *Nebuchad-*
Like *Babels* King, when turn'd into an Oxe: *nezzar.*
For a freſh water ſoldier none could doubt him,
The ſeas ſalt tears ran trickling round about him.
In this cold plight he leaves the beachy ſtrand,
And coaſts the main with many a weary ſtand.
At laſt he ſpies a houſe, not great, but good:
For here he finds a brother of his brood;
Who had adventur'd in thoſe ways before,
And rais'd ſome fortune by't, and gave it ore.
He quickly finds that *Jones* had ſcap'd ſome wrack;
Experience, charity, and pity ſpake
On this behalf; the good man bids him in,
And with *Y'are kindly welcome* doth begin.
He ſpak't in Dutch, which gladded *Jones*, for he *The ſame*
Could ſpeak't as wel as *Grace do worth awhee*: *in words.*
Which language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him,
When *Greenfield* to *America* had brought him.
By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones*;

Dryes

Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's set with homely wholesome chear,
And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.
A Dutch froe was his mate: more fat then fair,
But wondrous free, and thereto debonaire.
Which made *Jones* ask what Country 'twas that gave
This noble welcome to her humble slave?
He's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States
Brave seat of war, where many broken pates
Are got and given, and for his wants supply
The good strong Town of *Flushing* stood fast by,
Where Sir *John Norrice* did command in chief
For *England's* Glory, and the States relief:
This tickled *Jones* with joy; for *Horace Vere*,
Norrice, and he, had been (I know not where)
Comrades in arms, ere *Jones* did entertain
That cross design, with *Cumberland*, for *Spain*.
But now a bed does well, to take some rest
Where this good host directs his weary guest:
And having slept his fill, he timely rose,
Takes a most thankful leave, and on he goes.
His purpose is to take his passage over
At the next Port he finds: from thence to *Dover*.
But first at *Flushing* he resolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave *Norrice*, holds his troop; here *Jones* arrives,
Just as he came from Jaile, except his Gives,
Clad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,
His cap true blew; no company, but they
That will not leave him whilst he hath a rag; *Lowsie.*

Such

Such as poſſeſs the Begger with his bag.
Winds, ſtorms, nor ſeas, nor ought that could undo him,
Could make them flinch, like friends they ſtick cloſe to (him.

And thus accompanied he doth approach
To th'Generalls houſe, neither with ſteed nor coach:
But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time
When *Norrice* with his Chiefs were ſet to dine.
Jones preſſeth to the Parlor from the Hall,
And there accoſts the noble General.
Who ey'd him quickly, and cryes out (o fate!)
Live I to ſee the ſtrength of England's State?
Breath'ſt thou brave man at arms? *Jones* art thou he?
On is it *Mars* himſelf diſguiſ'd like thee?
Quoth *Jones*. The ſcourge of Spaniards and of *Spain*,
Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their pain,
Stands here; and yet would breathe ſome few years (longer
To prove King *Philip* or my ſelf the ſtronger. (longer
The reſt was dear embraces, and his place
By *Norrice* ſide; and then a haſty grace.
Now might I dwell upon the luſcious chear,
Which here grew cold, whil'ſt each mans eye and ear
Fed on the perſon and diſcourſe of *Jones*,
And quite forgot their toaſts and marrow bones.
And whilſt his ſtrange adventures paſt, he tells;
The Captains, Serjeant-Majors, Collonels
Faſt to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
Here mark his conſtancy, beyond theſe men.
He eats and talks, and eats and talks agen.

Their

Their mawes are cloy'd to hear thoſe deeds of his,
His ſtories are his meals Parentheſis.
But when he ſpoke of Spain, 'tis paſt belief,
What fearful wounds he gave the chine of beef.
A capon garniſh'd with ſlic'd lemmons ſtood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
And made it legleſs ere he made a pauſe,
Meerly in malice to the Spaniſh ſawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every diſh that's nigh him,
And ſpoil'd a cuſtard that ſtood trembling by him;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty diſh,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fiſh.
At laſt his fury 'gan to be aſſwag'd,
And then the General all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowſe
Of luſty Rheniſh, till both men and houſe
Turn round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To work his fall, with hid eous ſeas and wind;
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to task;
And layes ſore at him with his potent cask.
And whilſt with luſty grape ore-born *Jones* reels,
H'aſſaults his head, and ſo trips up his heels.
But up he roſe again with vigour ſtout,
And ſwears, though foil'd, hee'l try another bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonel Skink
Fills a huge bowl of ſherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Jones* is he
Muſt tak't in pledge; and ſo he did: but ſee
The ſtrange antipathy between this man
And Spaniſh grape, as well as Spaniſh Don.

Against them both his ſtomach fierce doth riſe,
No ſooner drunk, but up again it flies.
This odd diſtemper made him half aſham'd,
But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd;
Nor was he pleas'd with Skink for this affront,
(For ſo he took't,) he knew Skink could not want
The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in Sack,
Unleſs it were to lay him on his back?
Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff coat,
Then grapples cloſe, and had pluckt out his throat,
But that the wary General interpoſes
His hands and friends between their bloody noſes:
And with ſtrong reaſons, ſmiles, and ſmooth allyes,
He damps the fury of theſe fiery boyes,
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
The night diſpers'd them now to ſeveral wayes,
As they were quarter'd. *Jones* with *Norrice* ſtayes,
Who ſent him the next morn a brave rich ſuit,
Intended for himſelf, with all things to't.
Scant was he dreſs'd, when Skink unto him ſends
A Captain, boldly to demand amends
For laſt nights work; and *Jones* to do him right,
A bullet muſt exchange in ſingle fight.
For which himſelf and Second would not miſs,
Where *Jones* deſign'd to meet with him and his.
This *Jones* accepts, and ſwears before that night
He ſhall hear from him, how, and where he'l fight.
He thus diſpatcht, Sir *Roger Williams* enters,
To whom much kind diſcourſe paſt ore; he ventures

To

To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Proteſts himſelf his Second, haſts to Skink,
Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink:
That *Jones* and he at the South-poſtern gate
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With ſword and piſtol hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or *Jones* and he.
Then comes to *Jones*, ſupply'd him with a horſe
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that ſword and belt
Which Prince Llewellin wore, when ſlain near Bealt. *The Prince of South-Wales, who was ſlain near Bealt, a Town in Brecknock-ſhire.*
The hour come, theſe champions ſoon appear,
They ſpend no time in words; in full career,
Jones charges bravely cloſe up to his breſt,
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the beſt:
Makes him through haſte forget to prime his pan,
So miſt his ſhot, and ſo preſerv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worſe than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His piſtol at his face; 'twas aim'd ſo near,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his ear.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the bow of *Jones* his ſaddle,
And ſlightly circumcis'd his foremans noddle:
The Second ſtood attending the event
Of this firſt charge, both reſolutely bent,
If either in th' incounter had been ſped,
To run the ſame adventure they both did.

But when they ſaw the bravery of their fight,
Both having loſt their blood, the quarrel ſlight:
They both deteſt ſuch men ſhould be deſtroy'd,
By which their countrey ſhould be ſore annoy'd:
With joynt conſent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight:
Thus got between them, all beſt means they uſe
To take it up; which both inrag'd refuſe.
They urge the equal terms on which they ſtood,
In point of honour: both had loſt their blood,
Both fought it well; how light their quarrels ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much leſs a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,
Whoſe breaſts muſt ſuffer for the ill they doe.
Reaſon takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And miſchiefs engine reſts: they ſheath the ſword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duel ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends:
Their Surgeons ſtanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.
This news comes quickly to the Generals ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of fear,
He gently chides them that they would expoſe
Their limbs unto the various chance of blows
In ſingle duel, when the common good
No longer ſtands then ſuch good members ſtood.
Ten dayes are ſpent ere *Jones* could ſtand upright,
Through his ſlight hurt: which come, the noble
(Knight

Brave

Brave *Norrice* he takes leave of, with the reſt
Of that brave martial crew, and then addreſt
Himſelf for *England*: Joy thou happy Iſle,
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quoile:
Ye bluſtering boyes of Britain feaſt and quaff all:
The man's at hand whoſe preſence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great ſon of Mavors,
So ſpake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horſe,
Mounted to meet him with his reverend train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After ſome ſhort repaſt, on poſt he rides
To Non-ſuch, where her Majeſty reſides,
Where he was ſoon brought up to kiſs her hand,
By his dear friend, *George* Earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What news of moment, what intelligence,
What Spaniſh plots, what myſteries of ſtate,
Unto her Majeſty he did relate,
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not ſhow it.
But 'twas obſerv'd he gave a written book
Into her hand: on which ſhe deign'd to look,
And ſeem'd to ſlight it in the publique face
Of Court, yet made ſome uſe of 't in a place
That's privy, ſo diſmiſt him to his reſt,
Or her Courts welcome; as to him ſeem'd beſt.
'Twas now the time when * *Eſſex* was in- (gag'd
In Ireland 'gainſt *Tyrone*, with whom he (wag'd

* Robert Earl of Eſſex.

A bloody war: which to the Queen and ſtate
Seem'd long and coſtly: after much debate,
It is reſolv'd to pick out ſuch a man,
Whoſe active force and ſpirit dares and can
Put a full period to this war at once,
Without delay, and this was Captain *Jones*,
On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain
To get ſome ſmall command to conquer Spain.
'Tis firſt reſolv'd he muſt reduce Tyrone,
Till that be done he muſt let Spain alone.
Thus his Commiſſion's ſeal'd to raiſe his force,
A compleat Regiment of Britiſh horſe:
He's thence to waft them ore the Iriſh brine;
And then his force with noble Eſſex joyn.
Jones loſt no time, goes in five dayes to VVales;
Shews his commiſſion, tells them glorious tales;
He need not beat a drum, nor ſound a trumpet,
His name's enough to make theſe Britains jump at
This brave employment under ſuch a Chief,
VVhoſe fame's reſerve enough for their relief.
Perplext he was in chooſing his Commanders,
For he ſtill fancied beſt his old Highlanders;
But many worthies of the lower parts,
Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
But all reſpects put by, h'inliſteth ten
Of his old gang, all hard-bred mountain-men
For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reeſe,
And Tom Dee Bacgh, a fierce Rat at green cheeſe.

L'e-

Llewelling Reese ap David, VVatkin Jenkin,
VVith Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
These for his guard, his Officers in chief,
Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,
VVith Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
VVell known for plundering many a cow and nag,
Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
Whose word in's colours was, *YE ROGUES have at ye.*
Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin.
Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VVilliam,
VVith many more whose names 'twere long to write,
The rest their acts will get them names in sight.
VVe must conceive they all were men of fame,
For here we see them all men of great name.
Jones with these blades advanceth to the * dale,
There lines himself and them with noble Ale
Of such antiquity as hath not been there
The like since * Robert of the Vale was seen
VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit,
To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit.
His forces shipt, at last aboard he goes,
A lusty South-east gale so fairly blows,
That forty hours easily brought him in
To Dubline Harbor where he lands his men;
There getting knowledge where the Army lay,
To the Lord General he takes his way;
From whom a noble welcome he receives,
And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.

* *A little village by Milford.*

* *An old Welch Prophet, who foretold the landing of Henry the seventh there.*

Jones first informs himself in what condition
Tyron's made up for war, what ammunition,
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victuall'd, all occasion he doth catch
To take him tripping; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take on equal ground,
To hazard battel, he resolves to try him
In such a way as he should not deny him,
Unless with loss of honour; he indites
This fearful challenge, which his Squire writes:
False traytor to thy country and thy Queen,
I he who yet my peer have never seen
In feats of arms, whose martial hand hath slain
Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain:
Done more than I can write; I say, I he
Urge thee to single duel: and to thee
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horse-back: think it no disgrace,
That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
Call thee to question, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,
T' augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger,
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
This done, a Herauld is straight charged with it,
In publique to Tyron's own hand to give it,
Who to him hastes, and in the publique view
Of all his Army sayes (Tyrone) to you
I have command to bring from Captain *Jones*
This challenge; read it, and resolve at once.

He

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man
That ſends him this high Brave, who if he can
But half he writes, he counts himſelf but loſt,
To meet him; yet in ſight of all his hoſt
This Brave was giv'n him: thus his honour lyes
At ſtake, he therefore deſperately replyes.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blows, he ſhall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with ſhot,
Nor head-ſteel'd dart: this ſword I wear ſhall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horſe, but foot to foot.
He thus diſpatcht, Tyrone doth ſtraight ſeek out,
Bryan Mac-kill-cow a ſtrong ſturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone ſo mighty,
He felt no burden were it ne're ſo weighty.
The ſtrongeſt man in all his camp by half,
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf.
Bred in the Iriſh wildes 'mongſt bogs and woods,
And like an out-law liv'd on others goods.
And this was he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To perſonate himſelf in fight betwixt
Him and our *Jones*, true arms of largeſt ſize
He donns on him, then to his loyns he tyes
Morglay his truſty ſword, then ſwears devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him ſtoutly,
He'l raiſe his means above two Engliſh Barons,
In lands, and ſheep, and cows, and luſty garrons:
Bryan's all confidence, and haſtens thither,
Where *Jones* and he muſt try their force together,

The

The place deſign'd was hardly twelve yards ſquare,
No traverſing of ground, no boys-play there,
The reſt was bog, ore which ſome planks were laid
To paſs them ore; and then, to ſtop all aid,
Were took from thence: here *Jones* our valiant fighter
Advanceth firſt: Bryan with his fell ſmiter
Is hard at hand, they ſpare no time for words,
Their mettal is the whetſtone of their ſwords.
They clap together like two ſons of thunder, (under
The blades ſtruck lightning, whilſt the earth quak'd
The burthen ſhe bore; no ſtroke that's given, but death
Seems to attend it, till both out of breath,
Conſent to make a ſtand, but this ſhort reſt
Was like a ſallet with a muttons breſt
To their ſharp ſtomacks, to't they go again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well-try'd arms do bluſh with their own blood,
To find their fleſh in whoſe defence they ſtood,
Stand, whilſt it fell: for that their keen ſwords whipt off
As it they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At laſt, as I have ſeen a man of war
Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
In bulk and ſtrength: ſo *Jones* deals now with Bryan,
Who ſhuns and ſhifts, more like a Fox than Lyon.
For (to ſpeak truly) this fell Pagan lout
Doth ſo belabour *Jones* from head to foot,
That both his ears do o't with ſorrow ſing,
And's eyes ſee ſtars at noon (a wondrous thing)
We muſt conceive thoſe furious blows he dealt,
Were well repaid with uſe, which Bryan felt.

But

But *Jones* eſteeming it an equal thing
To be ſelf-conquer'd, and long conquering,
Reſolves to put the buſineſs out of doubt
With one Paſs more, which was the fatal bout.
On this Reſolve, with both his hands he preſt
The pummel of his ſword againſt his breſt,
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts ſwiftly at him:
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him,
That 'twas a bog behind, ſo backward ſprings,
And his whole body up to th' arm pits flings,
Amidſt the bog. *Jones* driven with his own force,
Miſſing his thruſt falls headlong in the gorſe,
But pitcht upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which ore-born, our *Jones* ſo mauls his pate,
That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,
Of being the anvil of our *Jones* his anger:
And now the day is his, his ſtrength he ſtrains
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryans brains:
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yield
My ſelf and ſword, the honour of the field.
And where the power reſts, 'tis much better far
To give than take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of *Jones*,
He ſpares his life, and draws him forth at once.
Beſides, he ſcorn'd poſterity ſhould tell,
That by his hand Tyrone ſ' ignobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought)
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:
Preſents him to the General, and then ſpake,
Sir, if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

Command,

Command, Ile do't; here ſee him hither led
By me, who all this charge and ſtir hath bred.
The joy was great, but ſhort; 'twas quickly known,
This was but ſome impoſtor from Tyrone:
And this an Iriſh Captive at firſt view
Made known, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualm in ſome, whilſt others ſmil'd
To ſee their Britiſh Champion ſo beguil'd,
And that Tyroue had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaineer.
Jones vext with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, deſperate, male-content.
Three dayes thus ſpent, his wrath no longer bears
This baſe affront; (like Scævola,) he ſwears *Scævola againſt Porſenna, in Livit.*
He'l kill Tyrone in midſt of all his force,
Though in the act himſelf be made a coarſe:
In this wild mood by night he doth convey
Himſelf where he ſuppos'd the Rebell lay:
Who wiſely rais'd his camp the day before, (more
March'd far through deſart woods, and would no
Of theſe affronts; which to put off agen
Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
Two dayes *Jones* ſpends in queſts to find him out;
At laſt he was encountred with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
Aſſail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.
'Twas time to draw, elſe theſe wild Iriſh dogs
Had been ſo bold to ſhake him by the logs:
But when his ſword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not ſo ſharp as his true ſteel.

The

The first good blow he dealt took off a head,
The second made one two; the next he sped,
With a sore thrust at mouth, and out at tail:
A fourth with his posteriors doth assail,
With his strong heel he hurles against a tree
Twelve paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
His sword rips up anothers empty paunch;
The next limps off from him with half a haunch.
We must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
For here were those that fought to eat, not rout him.
Nor scap'd he free, the rich sword-skarf he wore
About his loyns, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluckt off by bits, some flesh to boot,
No quarter free from scars from head to foot.
And (to conclude) from these wild Irish witches
He scapes scant with a hands breadth of his breeches.
Wearied with blows and kicks, at last they fly him,
And take a snarling leave as they go by him.
Thus *Jones*, half worried, hastes unto the camp,
There's none could say the cloathes he wore were damp
With night perdues, unless they meant to flout him;
For (to speak truth) he had no cloathes about him.
Thus come, he swears by the immortal powers,
He had maintain'd a battel full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
Routed the rest; who all had took the field

Lycanthropos, Witches that take shapes of Wolves upon them in Ireland.

'Gainst

'Gainſt him alone; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his deſtruction, or t'eclipſe his might,
By that old timerous, treacherous kern Tyrone,
Who durſt as well meet death as him alone.
The plight our *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt
But he had had at leaſt a deviliſh bout,
If not with Devils; on him each man ſeeth
The fearful character of nails and teeth.
We may not ſtand to ſhew what Eſſex's ſence
Was on theſe actions, nor the conſequence
They did import: the progreſs of this ſtory
Haſtens our Muſe to *Jones* his farther glory.
Fame theſe atchievements brings to Englands State;
Which held the Queen and Council in debate
About this man; and all at laſt ſuppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expos'd
To the cloſe dangerous plots of ſuch a foe,
Who neither values faith nor honour, ſo
His miſchiefs take ſucceſs; and thus the State
Loſe this dear Limb, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into *Jones* his ſpirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit;
Held it not ſafe he ſhould be open to
The windy baits of that ſo ſubtile foe,
To gain him to his part; whoſe haughty mind
Would ſoon take fire; then could not be confin'd.
And if by ſuch a plot they ſhould be croſt,
They all conclude that Kingdom were quite loſt.
Theſe grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there, ſo on ſome grand deſign

Pre

retended they invite his quick repair
To Englands Court, to act this great affair.
He comes, but leaves his Britiſh troops to fight
Tyrone to death; whoſe acts who pleaſe to write,
May meet with ſubjects brave to rant upon,
But for my ſelf, I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus tranſported from the Iriſh ſtrands,
At Aberuſt with a VVelch Port he lands; *A Town and Port in the County of Cardigan.*
VVhere ere two dayes he fully ſpent for reſt,
A goodly veſſel with croſs winds oppreſt,
Comes boyling in; *Jones* by her colours knows
She is of Spain; his colour comes and goes
At ſight of hers; that ſuch a goodly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He muſters ſtrait a troop of britiſh lads,
VVho on their mountain geldings clapt their pads;
VVith ruſty bills inſtead of ſtaves in reſt;
Such were their horſe, ſuch were their arms at beſt,
Then with a fowling-piece the ſhip they hail,
VVith confidence that ſhe would ſtraight ſtrike ſail:
But ſhe makes anſwer, that ſhe was too hot,
From her broad ſide with twenty Culverin ſhot.
This ſtruck a ſtand, till *Jones* cry'd out, what doubt ye?
The day is ours, my maſters lay about ye,
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
I'le bring the rear, for they know me of old;
If once my name or perſon they deſcry,
My life for yours, they'l either yield or fly.
Made bold with this, in full carreer they ride
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

But when they came breſt-high amongſt the waves,
Their horſe more wiſe by half then theſe mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billows, turn their tails,
And make a fair retreat from Sea and Sails;
Which leſt it ſhould ſeem done on terms of fear,
Jones to the front now haſtens from the rear,
And leads them back again in good array,
Neither with haſty flight, nor much delay.
At his return he ſearcheth all that coaſt,
To find a herring-boat, or two at moſt;
With which he doubts not but he'l ſink or take
This luſty Ship; whoſe braveſt men will quake
To hear his name. But fate that had decreed
To ſave her, caus'd her hoyſe her ſails with ſpeed;
So with a ſtrong fore-wind away ſhe flyes,
And leaves our *Jones* to ſeek ſome other prize.
Thus croſt in his deſign, to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement;
And from the Queen ſuch grace he doth receive,
As he deſerv'd, and ſtood with her to give.
Now for the great affair that call'd him back,
The Lords muſt pump for't in a cup of Sack
To help invention: *Jones* muſt be preferr'd
To ſome imployment, be it nere ſo hard.
In deep conſult and long diſcourſe they ſat on't,
And ſtudied for't; at laſt they lighted pat on't.
It is reſolv'd, that he muſt be the man
To go in embaſſy to Preſter John.
The buſineſs carried with't a glorious face;
Employ'd embaſſador unto his Grace.

The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him most to get his name more note
In forreign Lands; he'l not refuse the work,
Were't to the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*.
A lusty Ship's prepar'd, again he goes;
But what this great imployment was, who knows?
Reader, I know thy thoughts are strongly bent
To know this first design, on which he went.
But know this first, that Princes secret wayes
Are such as Ships cut thorow deepest Seas,
Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds
And enters too far in, their deepnes drowns.
If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely; harmless thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high-blown spirit now is sent
To forreign air, where it may purge and vent,
And so return more fit the State to serve
In their commands, who yet must him observe.
Perhaps he went this Priestly Prince to gain
Unto our Church; who gave good proof in *Spain*
Of's power in this; or to negotiate
Commerce between the *Æthiop* and our State,
For tusks of Elephants to haft our knives,
Apes, and Baboons, and Puggs, to please our wives;
Which things satiety makes common there,
And curiosity orepriseth here.
Be't what it will, our *Jones* is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make something on't.
His treacherous friend, the Sea, his charge receives,
And with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,

Making the Land, his firmer friend, appear
Still leſs; untill at laſt it brought him where
He loſt her ſight: for three months time he makes
Good way; at laſt the wind his wings forſakes;
The Ship's becalm'd; and for the Port ſhe ſeeks,
She gains not half a league for thirteen weeks.
Jones finds this lazie war offends him more,
Then all thoſe hideous ſtorms out-rid before.
Theſe ſad effects this ſleepy calm attend,
Victual and beverage ſpent; leſs hope of end.
Then fear of further miſeries enſues,
The Sea with calms his patience doth abuſe,
Turns deviliſh States-man, puts on a ſmooth face,
Salutes and kills them with a ſoft imbrace.
'Twas now far worſe with *Jones* then erſt with *Skink*;
For three weeks his own Urine is his drink,
Which his hot body had ſo oft ſublim'd,
Tis grow'n a cordial, like gold thrice calcin'd.
Preeſes of wind at laſt his ſails diſplay,
And waſt him into the Barbarick bay,
Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
His boiſterous charge in *Mare rubrum*'s waves.
And laſtly, he attains, beyond all hope,
Errocco the ſole Port of *Æthiope*;
And here he lands, and empties many a bowl
To allay the fury of his thirſty ſoul.
After ſome reſt he gets intelligence,
Where 'twas the Prince then kept his reſidence:
Where he repairs, and's told when he comes thither,
The Prince and town are both remov'd togethe-

Some

Some ten miles off. The Prince and Town? (quoth (Jones)
I have met my match: here's people make no bones
Of things beyond belief. And yet 'was true;
This town was tents which fifty thousand drew,
And rais'd in th'instant whereſoere the Prince
Sate down to ſport, or ſhew magnificence.
By Mount *Amara* now his Court he rears;
A Mount far differing from the name it bears:
If Paradiſe had ere a ſecond birth
Below the ſeat of Saints, 'tis there on earth.
An humble valley is the Garden where
This Mount is rais'd; a vale ſo rich, ſo rare;
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot;
And ſtriving to be quaint, ſhe quite forgot
To keep reſerves: for by this work we know,
She made it ſuch ſhe could make no more ſo.
Amidſt this vale is rais'd this lofty ſtructure,
Five leagues upright. It's outſides architecture
Unpoliſh'd Marble; but ſo rich, ſo fair,
You'd think't a pillar of one ſtone in th'air,
By ſome high power unto *Atlas* given,
To eaſe his ſhoulders whil'it it proppeth Heaven.
This goodly Mount a ſpecious plain doth crown,
Imboſt with Natures gemms, a velvet down
That's alwayes green; no froſt, no winter here,
Continual Spring: here *Phœbus* all the year
From riſe to ſet, doth alwayes fire his eye,
As loath to put ſo fair an object by.

Read Purchas *in his relations of* Æthiopia, *touching this Mount.*

Here grow thoſe happy trees from whence there (ſprings
That precious oyl which erſt anoynted Kings,
And ſacred Prieſts. Nor croud they here to take
One ſenſe alone; the ſcent and ſight partake.
So they are rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As ſweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
No Orchard here, nor Garden, but the Plain,
The choiceſt fruit all *Europe* doth contain,
Grow here unplanted, here's the luſcious Grape,
That makes *Joves* Nectar: 'twas not *Helens* rape
That ruin'd *Troy*: the Apple got from thence
Had worth enough to do't. Here every ſenſe
Would ſurfeit, but each objects rarity
Gives appetite without ſatiety:
Roſes, and Tulips *Flora* gathers here (hair,
When we have none, to crown her golden
And here *Medea* pickt (if *Jones* ſpeak truth)
Thoſe herbs which turn'd antiquity to youth:
The only Phœnix deignes to weather here,
The only place, like her, without a peer:
Leſt all theſe ſweets ſhould want ſweet har- (mony,
A numerous quire of Nightingales comply
To warble forth the ſweet *Amara's* praiſe,
Who turns their mourning notes to merry (layes.
Amidſt this plain there glides a ſilver brook,
So gently, that the ſubtil'ſt eye may look,
And find no motion; on his violet banks

The Apple which three goddeſſes, Juno, Pallas, and Venus, contended for, which was given by Paris to Venus: whereupon followed the deſtruction of Troy.

Thick

Thick Cypreſs-trees marſhal themſelves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus ; whoſe inamour'd beams
Peep through each little crink to view his ſtreams :
His pavement, azure gravel intermixt
With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt;
Which, as the air's ſoft breath his ſurface purles,
Vary their gloſs, and twinkle through his curles :
Like a ſteel'd glaſs preſenting to the eye
The ſpangled beauty of the ſtarry sky.
Here Dolphins leave the ſea to wanton ; here
Carps ſince the deluge their grown bodies cheer :
Umbrana's too ; ſuch had * *Vitellius* known,
A Province ſhould have gone to purchaſe (one :

* A great Epicure, and Emperour of Rome.

Such is *Amara*, ſuch is *Tempe* field,
Elyſium on earth unparalleld,
'Twas here this royal Prieſt now kept his Court :
A place well ſuiting with his fame and port.
And here comes *Jones*, where having made's addreſs,
Letters of credence given at his acceſs,
In Latine writ : in the ſame tongue he gives
Jones gracious words ; which language *Jones* conceives
To be *Arabick*, for the Latine Tongue
He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young.
But that's all one, there's no reply expected,
Unto a rich pavilon he's directed
By men of State, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his reſt commended.
Some few dayes ſpent, and time for audience got,
When *Preſter John* in royal State was ſet ;

Jones ſtudying how t'expreſs his eloquence
In ſome ſtrange language which might poze the Prince,
Now trouls him forth a full-mouth'd Welch oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his Nation.
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of ſence
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned Linguiſts are call'd in to hear,
Who might as well have ſtopt each others ear
For ought they underſtood, and all proteſt
It was the very language of the Beaſt.
Jones hath his end, and then to make it known
He had more tongues t'expreſs himſelf than one;
In a new tone he ſpeaks, not half ſo rich,
But better known, 'twas *Engliſh*; unto which
An *Engliſh* Factor is Interpreter
Between our Captain and *John Presbyter*;
His buſineſs takes effect (what ere it was)
And great expreſſes of reſpect do paſs
To *Jones* from him, as one he thought moſt rich
In unknown tongues, expreſt in his firſt ſpeech,
And ſo admires him for he knows not what:
But *Jones* may thank his mother-tongue for that.
His buſineſs done, he's led, for recreation,
To take the pleaſures of that pleaſant Nation,
To Mount *Amara*'s top, the chiefeſt grace,
And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face;
And finding his great heart was moſt enclin'd
To Martial feats, all in one motion joyn'd
T'invite him to their Deſarts, where he might
Make trial of his force in manly fight

With

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him consorts
All truly try'd t'assist him in those sports.
The motion takes, a brave accoutred Horse,
And his own arms, he and's associate force
Advance to hunt; me thinks I see them all
Drawn to the life in canvasse* 'gainst the wall,
In som mean house made for good-fellowship,
How fierce they look, how brave they prance (and skip;
With hounds and horns, and bills, and pikes and (glaves,
And spears, and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:
In this brave equipage they march away
To the known haunts where these wild creatures (prey,

'Twas *Jones* his trick of old to ride alone:
In hard adventures he'll admit of none
To share with him, from them he steals aside,
And in the desart by himself doth ride:
Nor rode he long till just against him stalks
A ramping Lion new come from his walks;
Jones draws, the furious beast, with fiery eyes
And bristled mane, against his bosom flies:
But his keen sword met full with his fore paws,
And whipt them off; and so he scap't his claws.
Nor staid it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fell'd him to the ground.
Then nimbly wheels about, and stept aside,
Leaps from his horse, which to a tree he ty'd:
Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

* *painted cloths in Inns and victualling houses.*

To end this combate with him foot to foot,
The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten
His fearful fangs in *Jones* his throat to fasten.
Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,
With left hand arm'd, *Jones* stuns him with the right;
Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his stumps
The noble beast unconquer'd, fiercely jumps
Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
(For his grim face could raise in *Jones* no fear)
In shoots the deadly blade, and out behind,
Where't makes a second vent for lifes short wind;
This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was lent,
That hand and hilt quite through together went:
Where taking hold of his strong stern (for truth
He swears) he drew't quite through his trunck this
(mouth.
Then with fine force (the like was never seen)
He strips his inside out, and's outside in,
Thus tergiverst upon his steed he flings him,
Then mounts himself, and to the Court he brings him.
Never was Royal beast so grossly jaded,
But 'twas his fate which could not be evaded:
Unto the gallants of the Court he shews
How hard th' adventure was, what thrusts, what blows;
On every circumstance he doth dilate;
Nor adds he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
For what he spake, the Lyon made it good
With loss of his four legs, and his best blood.
This strang atchievement strikes them all with wonder,
'Twas never seen since *Greeces Alexander*.

Lysima-

Lysimachus, *Lisander*, nor *Perdicas*, Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as Our *Jones* in this: 'Tis true, they write they (kill'd,
In single fight, some few of these in field;
But here's a force born with a higher sail,
Transporting tayl to head, and head to tayl.
The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:
But inward fear and jealousie it rais'd
Of our brave Queen, whose Scepter doth command
Such men whose power no Nation can withstand.
Jones might so far on his own strength presume, as
To seize his Throne, as * *Cortez Montezuma's*
Had done before. These thoughts he oft re- (volves
With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves
To shift him thence: makes for his fair pre- (tence,
Matter of high and hasty consequence,
To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen;
Except her self it must by none be seen.
This past on *Jones*, who parts with high content,
Nobly presented with fair complement.
Amongst the rest, a Parrot that could speak
All tongues but *Jones*, his own; that had a beak
Of perfect coral, plum'd as white as snow:
This he accepts, and so to sea doth go:
Where under sail such welcome he receives,
As one dire foe unto another gives.
With calms, and storms, and winds, all cross, that bear

Read Curtius, touching these.

* *A private Spanish Commander, that took this great King of Mexico with a handful of men.*

The

The ſhip quite off the courſe that ſhe would ſteer.
Long time thus ſpent, into a Bay he drives,
And at a Port unknown at laſt arrives;
Where he beholds a glorious Caſtle built
High on a cliff, whoſe walls pure gold, or gilt
To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
To know who did this Princely feat command.
He's told it is the Queen of *No-lands* place,
The onely Relict of her Royal race,
A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
Where many Kings, and Princes of high port
Make their addreſs, and loſe themſelves in love,
To purchaſe hers; for not a man can move
Her heart to wed, though nere ſo great his ſtate,
Or form exact, ſuch was the will of Fate.
Here as he lands, a large Cannow was ſent
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
In this a Dutch-man came by happy Fate,
Who could his Language to the Queen tranſlate.
This man he tells, as briefly as he can,
His voyage from his Queen to *Preſter John*:
How by croſs winds in his return he's blown,
And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
Jones is reſolv'd to ſee, and to be ſeen
Of this great Princeſs, that our virgin Queen
Might know, when he returns, what form, what port
This Royal virgin carried in her Court.
Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
All maſſie poliſh'd braſs; at his firſt ward,

x milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.
hence through a large and ſpecious Court he paſt,
nd ſo aſcends twelve Ivory ſteps at laſt,
Vith ebon columns, unto which were ty'd
welve ſharp-kept Lyons, who all yawned wide
When ſtrangers did approach. *Jones* through them all
ſafely guarded to a goodly Hall.
rom thence aſcends to rooms of greater ſtate,
nd comes at laſt where th' Princeſs Royal ſate
pon a ſtrange rich bed, not ſtuff'd with down,
ut cloſely wrought, and like a bladder blown;
hree *Æthiops* on each ſide, to fan the air
Vith Oſtridge plumes, perfum'd, as rich as fair.
er beauty could not boaſt of white and red,
ut jet-like black; about her criſp curl'd head
nd cheeks, there hang rich flaming ſtones and pearls,
hat paſt *Mark Anthony's Ægyptian* girls.
n brief; if *Tuſcan* liv'd to limne the night
parkling with ſtars, this were her picture right.
o ſooner in her ſight doth *Jones* appear,
hen to her heart his piercing eyes ſhot fire;
Vhich *Cupid* blows and rais'd into a flame,
hat warms her zeal to invocate his name.
o part of *Jones* but in her eye exceeds
ll humane ſhape; ſome god he muſt be needs.
ut when at her requeſt he doth relate
he chances of his paſt and preſent ſtate;
ever was ear with *Orpheus* harp poſſeſt
s hers with *Jones*, whil'ſt he his life expreſt.

Thoſe

Those that have warm'd themselves by these stron(fire
May eas'ly guess what fruits her wild desires
Produc'd to *Jones*; The observance of the Court,
With feasts and banquets, and all Princely sport,
Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wish
That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.
In th[illegible]state some months he takes his ease,
Whi[illegible]is sick Princess feeds on her disease:
At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,
Which threatned death, but could not quench her fire.
A Prince there was, mighty in bulk and mind,
Whose Kingdoms confines unto *No-land* joyn'd:
Descended in his race from *Og* of *Basan*;
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h'had been
A long hot suiter to this mighty Queen,
But still repuls'd: now this unruly fire
Suppress with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
A mighty host he rais'd, and marcheth through
The heart of *No-land*, to command, not woo:
Approaching neer her Court, he sends her word
She must be his own Queen at bed and board,
Or see her Kingdom burn in higher flames,
Then his for her: yet (for his spirit shames,
To war with women) if she can find out
One man in all her Realm, that is so stout,
In her defence, with him his sword to try,
He'l bravely win her, or he'l bravely dye.
Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Coul

ould not be parallel'd by man nor horſe.
or could it chooſe but make the Queen look black,
lot pale. Th'Interpreter at *Jones* his back
ounds in his ear this proud imperious ſpeech;
lad ſhe been thence, h'had bid him kiſs his breech
or this proud meſſage: up howere he ſtarts,
nd this loud anſwer with his mouth he farts;
o tell *Bahader Cham*, *Mombaza's* King,
ne *Mars* begot in's wrath will have a fling
Vith him ere night; that one who at one breath
on Dego and *Gonzago* did to death,
Vill look him dead; nor will I only be
his Princeſs champion, but (thy *Cham* to ſee)
le walk through beds of Scorpions: for I hear
le dares enough, and I can brook no peer.
his high reply nere mov'd the haughty *Cham*,
et *Jones* be what he will, he's ſtill the ſame.
he day's his own before the fights begun,
Vere *Mars* himſelf inſtead of *Mars* his Son.
back and breſt and helmet ſtrong he dond,
Vell wrought and varniſh'd by ſome Indian hand,
whale-bone bow he takes of ſpecial ſtrength,
Vith arrows barb'd, at leaſt two yards in length:
crooked Scimiter whoſe edge was flint,
neintly conjoyn'd, and ſome tough ſpell was in't,
o make it proof againſt the ſtrength of ſteel.
ft had this ſword made head-ſtrong Giants reel.
y his right ſide a maſſie Mace he hangs,
Vith which his ſturdy foes to death he bangs.
buckler like a Spaniſh ruff he wore

About

About his neck, full half yard deep, or more:
He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
But to keep off his urine from his face.
For you must know that member was still mounted:
The bravest womans man on earth accounted.
And thus prepar'd, this lusty Termagent,
Ascends his Castle on his Elephant.
And then advanceth to a spacious Green,
Before the Castle of this maiden Queen.
A brave *Arabian* courser is prepar'd
For *Jones*, his own true arms he dons for guard,
Llewellins sword to do; and so descends
Down to the Green, where the fierce *Cham* attends.
Jones was to seek what kind of fight were best,
To make against this Gyant and his beast.
Both far exceed in strength himself and horse,
And therefore art now must be joyn'd with force:
No brest to brest, a nimble charge, and gone,
His ready steed as soon comes off as on.
Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
The *Chams* smart whale-bone bow had made him rue
This bold attempt: but what can whales weak bones,
When whales themselves come short to swallow
(*Jonas*
Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off clear;
At last he came close up in full career,
And turning short, the horses hind feet slipt:
Through which mischance the Carry-castle ript
His bowels forth with's tusk; down falls the horse:
The furious beast clasp't *Jones* with his proboscе;

An

And mounts him high: but in his rise he found
The means to give *Behaders* face a wound;
And cuts, in th'instant, off the trunk that clasp't him:
So down the Elephant was forc't to cast him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of *Cæsar's* Soldiers, and no more.
The wounded beast inrag'd with pain cries (out
With hideous voice, and plung'd and (branc'd about
The Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the *Cham*, from his first growth,
This feat he had been taught) though mad with pain,
He strives to mount him on his back again.
But *Jones* had lopt off his strong trunk before,
Whereby he could perform this feat no more.
Here *Jones* denies he bred this docile beast,
Taught to his hand, he got him in the East;
And his report must have belief before us,
Who swears it was the same that carry'd (* *Porus*
Against the *Macedon*. I cannot see (be,
How by wise natures rules this thing should
Unless in *Pliny's* Volumes it appears,
That Elephants may live two thousand years.
Now *Jones* leaps up in haste, and swiftly flyes,
With sword in hand, where bruis'd *Behader* (lyes;
And ere he could get up, one swashing stroke
His head & buckler from his shoulders took;

Read the Commentaries de bello Africano.

* *Read* Cuttius, *touching that Elephant of* Porus, *who often remounted his master with his trunk in that battel between him and* Alexander.

Which

Which when 'twas off, they may compare't that will,
To the grim St. *Johns* head on *Ludgate-hill*.
His numerous army struck with grief and fright
At his sad fate, betook it self to flight,
And thus was *No-lands* Queen redeem'd by *Jones*
From bondage, rape, and *No-lands* loss at once;
Now, if she lov'd our Captain well before,
In reason she must love him ten times more;
Which she expresst by laying at his foot
Her people, *No-land*, and her self to boot:
But, whether 'twas the god of loves deep curse,
That she refus'd, for better or for worse,
Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,
To make her dote on a non-resident;
Flings snow-balls at his heart, and flames at hers;
To keep conjunction from these errant Stars;
Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got
Some lame defect by *Skinks* late desperate shot.
And so his noble heart made him refuse
What having got he could not rightly use.
'Tis not in me to judge; but this I know,
Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow
So coold, that to avoid her amorous sight
He leaves her Court, and steals to sea by night.
So *Jason* us'd *Medea* erst, but hee's
So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
Which *Jones* contemn'd to do, and thought himself,
When safe return'd, his countries Mine of wealth.
No certain ground I have here to relate
This great deserted Queens unhappy fate:

But

But Sir *John Mandevils*, who doth deliver,
As *Jones* reports, he came ſoon after thither,
And found the peoples out-ſide all in black;
A ſad expreſſion for their Princeſs wrack.
Who told him, lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done:
Redeem'd their Queen and Kingdom from the ſhame
Of rape and rapine, which *Bahader Cham*
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man, in ſingle combate kill'd.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchleſs man,
Refuſ'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,
Whilſt on the Cliff with penſive thoughts ſhe ſate,
A ſudden ſpring ſhe gave, and ſo commends
Her ſelf to ſea, where life and love ſhe ends.
No more of this ſad ſtuff: let's all at once
Joyn in a joyful welcome home to *Jones*.
In ſix months ſail he ſteers by *Godwin* ſands,
Caſts Anchor at the Downs: the next day lands,
Haſtes to the Queen at *London*, there expreſſ's
Every particular of his addreſſes
To *Preſter John*; the great affairs ſucceſs
As ſhe deſir'd: Laſtly, in his progreſs,
He might have married the great Queen of *No-land*,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
Till 'twas confirm'd by Sir *John Mandevil*,
Whoſe ſtrange reports they may believe that will.
Now let us well obſerve the happy Fate,
Which ſtill provided for the Queen and State.

Jones had not reſted fully three dayes here,
But out there breaks a great and fearful fire
Of ſtrong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
So fit, in common ſence, as Captain *Jones*.
Brave *Eſſex* through affronts turn'd male-content,
Hatches in 's breaſt a deſperate intent,
To ſeize the Perſon of the Queen, and thoſe
He found moſt near about her, his ſtrong foes.
Her Grace and Council call for *Jones*, to know
What in his judgment now were beſt to do.
Who firſt her gracious pardon doth beſeech,
And then delivers this ſhort pithy ſpeech.
Firſt guard the Court with *Weſtminſters* ſtrong bands,
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
Out with your houſhold men, ſhut up your Gates;
We'l make your foes turn tail with broken pates.
Then call to you the richeſt of your Citts,
But ſeek no caſh; for in their bags their wits
Are cloſe knit up: but onely thus much make
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at ſtake;
That they ſhall want no ſuccour, whilſt your hand
Can graſp the ſword, and Scepter of this Land.
Thus arm their hearts, & rouze them from their beds
And then let us alone to arm their heads.
She now requires, that *Jones* in perſon go
To *Eſſex*, his intents to ſound and know;
To uſe all faireſt means that may reduce him
From thoſe lewd wayes to which loſt men ſeduce him
He undertakes it; haſtens to the Lord,
And is admitted in as ſoon as heard.

And here he finds Sr. *Walter Rawleigh* with him;
Some ill was in't, his fancy ſtraight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to ſome madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth *Rawleigh* rate,
Shaking his martial truncheon o're his pate:
Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand Jury,
He'l make him elſe th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wiſe, and rul'd by his beſt ſenſe,
Gives place to time, and ſo withdraws from thence.
Then *Jones* theſe Counſels to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.
How weak his power; much leſs unto the force
Of *Englands*, than his Rain-deer's to a horſe.
Thus his brave Family muſt be deſtroy'd,
His honours loſt, his ancient houſe made void:
Beſides, his cauſe was naught; for though himſelf
Nere read the Laws of this great Common-wealth,
Yet he had heard ſome Lawyer ſay long ſince,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmleſs blood that ſhall be ſpilt
In this bad cauſe, muſt lye on *Eſſex* guilt.
Lay hand on heart, moſt noble peer, (quoth *Jones*)
The Queen can pardon, and enrich at once.
Be you but good, ſhe can be gracious,
Your own experience can inform you thus.
Thus *Jones* poſſeſt his noble heart ſo far,
He is reſolv'd to wave the chance of war;
Himſelf and houſe he yields unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too ſoon was ſeen.

This is the last great act I can relate,
Of his good service for the Queen and State:
Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
Which his high spirit past by without regard;
And his great Queen was seriously bent
To put him in some place of government;
But nature onely taught the man to fight,
And his rude Mother not to read and write.
Which was the chiefest cause that made him hate
To be imploy'd in mysteries of State.
Besides, he was not pleased that her Grace
Cut off this Noble man before his face,
Whom he brought in; it may be his own lot,
With ax or cord for nought to go to pot.
Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,
And worth ill weigh'd, do make him fall behind
Occasions lock; which lost he never more,
Though bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before.
Now time and bruises, and much loss of blood,
Had made *Jones* feel cold age was not so good
A fiery youth; he needs must find a fail
Of what he was; declin'd from top to tail.
Which made him wish he might put up his rest,
And breathe his last in his own Countries brest.
And for this cause he went unto her Grace,
And begg'd of her a Muster-masters place,
In *Wales*, near his first home: where he may spend
His later dayes in peace, and in it end:
And yet to leave behind his martial art,
To *Wale's* posterity, before he part.

This ſute with ſpeed and readineſs is granted,
And ſo to *Wales* our Muſter-maſter's janted.
Here many years he ſpent in telling more,
Or leſs, of thoſe ſtrange things he did before:
At laſt, in his old age, he grows ſo wild,
He needs muſt marry, to beget a child.
Which though he miſt, the maſtery he muſt have
O're every ſex, *Jones* ſent her to her grave,
Devotion now with his old age increaſt,
He meditates thrice every day at leaſt.
His only prayer was the Abſolution,
In our old Liturgy, with ſome confuſion
Of ſhort ejaculations in his bed,
For ſome old ſlips, and for the blood he ſhed;
Eſpecially for thoſe ſix Kings he kill'd,
Without remorſe, at the Juzippian field:
At laſt death comes, whoſe power he deſi'd
From firſt to laſt; and, thus he liv'd and di'd.

Now, you wild blades that make looſe Inns your ſtage
To vapour forth the acts of this ſad age,
Your *Edghill* fight, the *Newberies* and the Weſt,
And Northern claſhes; where you ſtill fought beſt:
Your ſtrange eſcapes, your dangers voyd of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear:
Your *pia maters* rent, periſht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts:
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,
To you I ſpeak, ſtill waving men of merit,
Be modeſt in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard atchievements, I'le proceed

Once

Once more to imp my rural muſes wings,
And tune my lyre ſo high, I'le break her ſtrings,
But I will reach ye, and thence raiſe ſuch laughter,
As ſhall continue for five ages after.

The Captains Elegie.

AN d art thou gone brave man? hath conquering death
Put a full period to thy bluſtering breath?
Thus hath ſhe plaid her maſter-piece? and here
Fixt her nil ſupra *on thy ſable biere?*
Scap'ſt thou theſe hideous ſterms, thoſe horrid fights
With many Giants, cruel beaſts, fierce Knights?
Such dangerous ſtratagems, ſuch foes intrapping,
And now hath death don't? ſure he took thee napping;
For hadſt thou been awake to uſe thy ſword,
She would have ſhun'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word
For thy appearance, till the laſt return
Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn
Through thy chapt clay unto Elyſiums ſhades
T' incounter with the ghoſts of thoſe old blades,
Great Cæſar, Scipio, Hannibal; *'cauſe here*
Thy fiery ſpirit could not find its peer?
How couldſt thou elſe find time to fold thy arms
In thy ſtill grave, now Mars *rains bloody ſtorms*
On Chriſtian earth? great Auſtria *would be ours*
Without pitcht field, without beſieaguering towers:
Wert thou but here, thy ſword would ſtrike the ſtroke
To break or bring their necks to Britains *yoke.*

Per-

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To ſnatch thee up, leſt thou ſhould'ſt come too late,
Now ſouldiers drop pel-mel, whoſe ſouls might thruſt
Thine from the chiefeſt place, which thou from firſt
Haſt gain'd on earth; now what ſhall England *do?*
Limp like ſome grandame that hath loſt her ſhooe.
Put caſe a new Tyrone *again ſhould ſpring*
From his old urn, or ſome ſuch furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, *where were then our* Jones,
To bring theſe Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or ſay gainſt Spain *our pikes we re-advance,*
For their old Sack, as ſuch a thing may chance,
Where ſhall we then find out that Martial man,
That kill'd ſix thouſand with nine ſcore? he's gone.
And we that lick the diſh that Homer *lapt in,*
What fury now ſhall our dull brains be rapt in?
We muſt go ſing Sr. Lancelot, *and rehearſe*
Old Huan's *villanous proſe in wilder verſe;*
Or elſe put up our pipes, and all at once,
Cry, farewell wit: all's gone with Captain Jones.
Well, go thy wayes (old blade th'haſt done thy ſhare
For things beyond belief; time (never fear)
Will give thee being here: th'haſt left us ſtuff
To build thy Pyramid, more than enough,
To equal Cayre's, *and haply 'twil out-laſt it,*
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough caſt it.
Farewel great ſoul, and take this praiſe with many,
Except thy foes, thou nere didſt harm to any:
And thus far let our Muſe thy loſs deplore,
Well ſhe may ſigh, but ſhe ſhall nere ſing more.

His Epitaph.

Tread softly (mortals) ore the bones
Of the worlds wonder, Captain Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.

FINIS.

The LEGEND of CAPTAINE JONES: the first & 2d part
Hæc Spolia Nostra
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.
Okes and Fra: Haley 1671

2d part